BACCHUS AND THE GRAPE. Charles Swain in Mechan's Monthly,

At the purple close of evening.

Careless Bacchus sleeping lay.—
Pirates from the coast of Naxos
Bore him to their deck away;
When the slumb'ring God awakened,
Wond'ring he beheld the deep.
While the Pirates laughing told him,
Boys should ne'er be caught asleep!
Ha' ha! Bacchus!—ha! ha! Bacchus!
Boys should ne'er be caught asleep.

As they leered green vines kept springing,
Rich as fed by southern gales;
From each plank their broad leaves flinging
Mingling with the cords and sails;
Circling mast and spar, like Beauty
Round the neck of warrior brave;
Whilst the ship, unfit for duty,
Lay all helpless on the wave;
Hat hat Bacchust—hat hat Bacchust
Who's the captor—who's the slave?

All amazed the Pirates gazing.
Watched the clustering grapes ascend—
To the topmost spar aspiring.
As their richness ne'er would end;
Then the Pirates, lowly kneeling.
Strove to turn the boy-god's frown;
But the ship, like drunkard reeling,
With a sudden shriek went down;
Ha' ha! Bacchus!—ha! ha: Bacchus!
Fathoms deep the traitors drown.

OUT OF STEP.

IX.

THE TIME OF THE CLETHRA.

Copyright: 1893: Ry The Tribune Association When Walter Redd's horse had brought him self and his three companions within sight of Mr. Scudder's house Salome asked the young man if he would allow her to alight. Without a word, he stopped the horse. She left the carriage before he could make any attempt to assist her. Not looking at the people she was leaving, she walked quickly into a cart-path that branched from the highway here.

The dusk of evening was now coming on rapidly. The elder of the two nurses watched Salome. Then she turned toward Redd.

"Why do you let her go?" she asked, with some asperity. "Do you not see that she ought not to go alone? She is suffering."

"I can't help it. I can't help what she does, he answered, gruffly. "But that path leads out toward her home. Perhaps she is going home."

When Redd had seen the two nurses enter the house, he remained standing a few moments by his horse. He was looking at the house, where the lamps were already lighted. He knew that he could not go away until he had learned how Whatever the answer to his question, he must hear it. He had not the least care as to whether Salome let it be known that it was his blow which had injured Moore. She probably would not tell. It was of no consequence-not But he must know how Moore was. Whether Moore lived or died, he had the best of everything, since Salome loved him.

Standing there in the twilight, Rold envied the man in that little room. Things were all plain to Moore, since Salome loved him.

After a short time a woman appeared on the orch. It was Mrs. Gerry, and she was evidently seeking Redd. She came quickly to his side.
"I'm looking for Salome," she said. "I thought she was with you?"

Redd told his companion where he had last seen the girl. He added that "he took a notion that she was going home."

"I wish you would take me home, Walter," said Mrs. Gerry. "I can go now. They don't need me here any more since the nurses have come, and I don't know how long I could bear it, either. It's trying on the nerves. Mrs. Gerry stood so quietly and spoke so calmly

that her last words sounded incongruous. "I'll take you," said the young man, shortly. "Get right in."

Mrs. Gerry went back for her belongings. when she returned, Redd said that he must find out exactly how Moore was before he left that yard. He spoke with deep emphasis, and with a sort of still excitement upon him; but Mrs. Gerry was not surprised at that; indeed she thought it natural that he should feel so. When she began to speak Redd interrupted her almost savagely. Don't deceive me! Tell me just how things

"Why should I deceive you?" in surprise. "I don't think it can be told positively, yet. I can tell you my belief." As she paused Redd took | part. her arm with unconscious violence.

think about him?" "I believe he will get well." Redd released portunity to study the progress of this case.

Mrs. Gerry's arm.

Oh, you do? What'll he do if he gets well? Mrs Gerry at this showed some displeasure. She did not answer. She said that she would like to go: if Salome did not come home she must find her. The child had had so much to bear.

Redd helped her into the carriage. He placed the reins in her hand, saying:

" Wait a minute." Then he walked in at the back door and

not notice Miss Nunally, who was sitting in the He looked at her a moment and then, with a kitchen. He was intent upon seeing Moore and decided step, he followed her. She glanced judging for himself. He didn't care much about radiantly at him. what people said to him. So he walked just within the door and gazed at the occupant of the bed. Dr. Sands was there, and the nurses, but Redd asked no questions. Presently he went out as silently as he had entered. This time his glance took in Miss Nunally. He took his place by Mrs. Gerry, and drove

out of the yard. Who is that weman 2" he asked. "That fair

"It is the one to whom Moore is engaged." was

the answer.

"I s'pose she loves him, too?"

Redd turned to look at Mrs. Gerry. "Oh, curse the fellow!" he said in a low ne. "Why should he have everything?"

Walter!" entreatingly. "Yes, I know you're sorry for me. Well, I can bear it from you. I don't often let go of myself, as you know, Mrs. Gerry. I guess I'll get a good grip again by and by. But things have been rather tough with me lately. If Salome didn't have to suffer I rather think I could bear things. I'll stop

whimpering now. Redd sat up rigidly and urged his horse. It took only a short time to reach the house of the Gerrys. When the carriage stopped a figure detached itself from the deeper shadow of the house and came forward.

"Is that you, mother?" It was Salome's voice, and the hearing of it went far toward taking away her mother's composure. Mrs. Gerry did not answer, because she could not. She hurried forward and Redd drove away immediately.

"I came home," said the girl. "I knew you would be coming soon, and I wanted to be with

you, mother." She took her mother's hand and drew the arm over her shoulders. "You know how we said once in Florida that it was you and I, mother. That's the way it is to be, isn't it?"

Worn out, Mrs. Gerry sobbed heavily. She was afraid of the hysterical inclination which came so strongly upon her.

"Come," said Salome calmly, "let us go in. I found the key where you always leave it. said that I would wait here until half-past eight, then I would go back to Mrs. Seudder's for you. They don't need you now. And I do need you. I shall always need you—as long as Do you think I show any consumptive tendencies now?

The two women had entered the house. Mrs. Gerry sat down directly, stumbling against a chair in the darkness.

Salome found the matches and lighted a lamp, setting it down carefully. Having done this she turned to her mother and repeated her questions about consumptive tendencies. But Mrs. Gerry could not answer. She bent forward and covered her face with her hands, sobbing again still more heavily. Salome's calmness entirely unnerved her mother.

The girl knelt down by her mother's chair. Oh, don't! Please don't!" she whispered.

Let me take care of you. You haven't slept for so long. Poor mother:"

Salome's voice murmured on as she helped her mother to undress. She sat down by the bed and leaned over it, streking the worn face. Mrs. Gerry was now weeping quietly, gazing at her daughter through her tears.

"You needn't worry one bit about me," Salome was saying. "I shall go back to school to-mor-You know it would be vacation now, only that there were those weeks to make up. month there will be no school. I'm sorry for that, two or three times in her life when she believed But I can be busy about something. Do you think you will sleep? I'm sure you will. Good night." Salome pressed her cheek to her mother's face for an instant. Then she softly left the room and Mrs. Gerry fell asleep.

It seemed strange to both women, though neither spoke on the subject, that the next days should go on so quietly.

Salome rose the following morning as if nothing had happened. She ate her breakfast and washed the dishes before she prepared for school. Mrs. Gerry looked at her at first furtively, then

openly. As the girl took up her hat Mrs. Gerry spoke "I want to say something to you before you go. "Well, mother?" meeting steadfastly the elder

Then Mrs. Gerry asked, as Portia had asked: "If he gets well what are you going to do?" " Do ?

"Yes. Tell me truly."

"Nothing. Why do you all ask me that?" "Because-because-Oh! Salome, it is dreadful, but I don't quite know what to expect of you There is only one thing left for you; you must be sure of that. Mr. Moore can be nothing to you. Remember that. He is going to marry Miss Nunally. You must look forward to a life with-He is not free. He ought not to have

Mrs. Gerry spoke bitterly. She felt that it was so like a man, even a man like Moore, to have come in spite of everything. If he had only stayed away!

Salome said nothing. She stood with her hat in her band looking at her mother. "Do you hear me?"

There was the irritability of fatigue and anxiety in the woman's voice, and she repeated her question in a highr key. She added immediately the further inquiry: "Are you going to be honorable?"

Salome moved her hat about in her hands. There came a peculiar glow to her eyes. "I mean to do exactly as my mother's daughter queht to do."

She spoke with ardent resolution. She continued, hurriedly : "Oh, you must trust me, mother. Now I have come home to the North I am going to be good.

I am going to be conscientious. If you could only

see into my heart you would take courage about You would, truly !" The girl's aspect was alight. Mrs. Gerry's soul The girl's aspect was angle, suddenly threw off a load of apprehension. "That is right," she said, thankfully.

un along to school. But, dear, let us only bear from day to day. Don't let us look forward." Salome walked a few steps toward the door. But she returned, the high look of courage and

resolve intensified upon her face. "It is you and I, really, isn't it, mother?" she asked. "And now I am going.

Before she was out of sight Salome heard her mother's voice calling to her.

"I will go over by and by and ask how Mr. Moore is," she said.

So several days passed. school. Her mother was busy with housework: but she did not fail to go every afternoon to Mr. Sendder's and make inquiries about the patient But Salome did not go. Why should she? What was Mr. Moore to her? Her mother, of course, could go; it was right and proper that she should Miss Nunally remained at the farmhouse, and Nely Scudder, who was kept at home to help cook for "them nusses" and for Miss Nunally, found in some curious way that her resolve to hate this young lady was weakening.

That Miss Nunally was Moore's betrothed seemed sufficient reason for hatred on Nely's

Dr. Jennings, from Boston, came and we Don't act as if I were a child who could not several times. Dr. Sands was there continually, be told anything!" he exclaimed. "What do you it seemed to the female Scudders. Indeed, the country doctor felt that he must lose no op-

After a week one of the nurses left. Dr. Sands took her away one morning. He announced gayly that it was ridiculous to have two women there to take care of that young fellow when one was enough. The young fellow was going on splendidly-splendidly.

Dr. Jennings did not speak so confidently, but he did say that all things pointed toward recovery. He said also that he did not think it would be necessary for him to come again. When he left through the kitchen to the bedroom. He did the house he saw Portin walking down the lane.

"He is going to get well," she exclaimed. The man did not answer. He moved on beside Portia, his hands behind him, his head bent. The girl felt as if she were treading upon air, so buoyant was she. Already she saw herself and Moore away from this place. Once away she believed that time and her own presence would insure her future to her.

Dr. Jennings lifted his grave face and turned it toward her.

"A man in my place sees a great many things, "I have no business to advise, I know, but I tell you to marry that young man. Marry directly. Take him away. Don't be so foolish as to have any silly, womanish scruples. Propose this thing to him. If he had not been hurt you would have been his wife before this, Pardon me, Miss Nunally. It will be better for him not to marry that other girl." The doctor from Boston lifted his hat slowly, then he went back to the yard where the carriage was waiting fer him. He sat down and did not open his lips in response to any remarks made by Mr. Scudder, who was driving him. That gentleman, after two or three attempts at conversation, gave up speaking, deciding within himself that this "doctor feller was thicking about cutting up

somebody. What the doctor fellow was really thinking

was this: "I am a jackass for meddling; but somehow I couldn't help it. Of course that young man is bound to shipwreck himself somehow. But that other girl--

At this point the thoughts of Dr. Jennings were not as clearly defined as it was his habit to, have his thoughts. Being a man, as well as a skil fal surgeon, his mind had dwelt now and then upon those two women. He had seen Salome but once, on his first visit. Perhaps he had judged her then as nearly without reference to her sex as it is possible for a man to judge a young woman. And he had judged her with extreme harshness, as the best of us is liable to judge of one with the same stated that the Sendder steed was not given to prancing rapidly through space, and it was with extreme slowness that it new turned it was with extreme slowness that it new turned upon those two women. He had seen Salome

Of course it was not possible that Dr. Jennings should know Salome in the brief time in which he had seen her. But he was a man of instant and strong prejudices, and of insight as well.

And he was thinking of his patient: all things in his mind were subservient to the welfare of his patient, or to what he considered his welfare.

So, as these two men drove along the still band over his eyes.

Sight.

Portin knew that Mr. Sendder could not return in less than an hour. She fell it impossible to stay quietly there in that room.

She must move, walk: some way she must counteract the excitement which ruled her. She left the house and went quietly across the field. But first she looked in at the good of field was still lying on the longe, and, curiously, she thought, he was still holding hand over his eyes. Of course it was not possible that Dr. Jennings

whom one is entirely out of symnathy.

country road, the surgeon for the first half of the way was thinking rather intently of the complications which he thought surrounded this "It would be quite enough for a well man to

contend with," he was thinking, "but for a man

who has had that kind of a blow on his headand who gave him the blow?" At this point in his meditations Dr Jennings raised his head, mentally shook himself, took out his notebook, and began studying it. For several days thereafter, however, there were moments when his mind reverted to that case out in the

"How tired you must be! You must go to bed. country. It was altogether more interesting than usual; there seemed to be a good many things that might happen in connection with it. He

must have Sands write to him about it. Portia, left alone after this advice had been given her, continued to walk on up the green lane. The blackbirds were flying about her, as they were always flying over the meadow through which the lane led on its way to the pasture.

Portia fell to thinking of all her love affairs. She did not count those entanglements wherein her heart had not been collisted. There had been sincerely that she loved. Something had hap-pened so that she did not marry, and she had come to be very grateful that something had hap pened each time.

She was truly in love now, she told herself. There was no mistake as to her feeling for Moore. But she could not help wishing that there had not been other times when she had also felt that there was no mistake. Such thoughts are often the penalty of being in any measure susceptide. And Portia had been susceptible all her life and had flung herself headlong into some emotions. Nevertheless, this was real. Nothing in the

world should make her give up this. Oh, certainly, there was no doubt about this. Still, if Charmian had been present, it might, perhaps, have been a satisfaction to ask, "Did I ever love Caesar so?" After a time she went slowly back to the house.

Nely was in the vegetable garden, which ex-tended back of the perch. She was picking "shell beans" for the next day. Just within the porch Mrs. Scudder was arranging to make Dutch cheese. Matters had adjusted themselves so that the work of the household was now carried on smoothly, only there was, as Nely often fretfully remarked, an awful lot to do."

Mrs. Sendder had not been flustered of late. She cherished an ineradicable conviction that, if she had only continued mustard plasters long enough upon the back of Moore's head, he would have done even better than he was doing now. She told every one of this conviction, and that the only thing in the way of her being allowed to follow out this treatment was the strong wish entertained by doctors to cut people up. She was convinced that they wished to cut people just for the pleasure of sewing them up again. She did not understand it, but it was so. She was making these remarks for the hundredth

time to one of the neighbors now as Miss Nanally

The girl did not linger; she went directly on into what was usually the sitting-room, but which had of late been given up for Moore's use The young man was lying on a lounge. seemed to be listening to the nurse, who was sitting near reading items from a newspaper. He looked up languidly as Portia entered. She paused by the nurse and extended her hand to

He looked up languadly as Portia entered. She paused by the nurse and extended her hand to take the paper.

"I will read now," she said.

The nurse hesitated an instant. But very few people succeeded in opposing Portia, and the nurse was not one of them. She rose and left the room, casting a glance of some anxiety back at her charge.

Moore was looking at Portia, looking intently, but as if with a veil over his eyes.

It was curious that he should say just now that he had been thinking for two days of asking Fortia if she were tired of her engagement to him.

The paper dropped from the girl's hand. She tshed a little as she leaned somewhat forward How can you ask me that when I The voice in which she spoke was very sweet

The verce in which are spead and very genuine.

Moore put his hand over his eyes, and with it still there, he asked:

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Quite. You do not doubt it?"

"No: no, Portia," removing his hand and speaking with a trifle more of animation. "Let us be married directly—to-morrow—to-day. Don't oppose me. I've been thinking. I believe it is best, Portia," raising his tone somewhat. oppose me. I've been thinking. I beneve a popuse me. I've beet thinking. I beneve is best, Fortia." raising his tone somewhat.

"You are not going to oppose me."

The girl was now kneeling on a footstool by his couch. She was hanging over him, but she did not touch him. She smiled at him so that his eyes grew somewhat brighter.

"I ought to shrink to demar, to be womanly."
she said. "But no; I will not do that. I am

again. But at the same time his other hand grasped Portia's. Moore suddenly put his hand peress his brow grasped Portia's.

"That is so good of you," he said gently. "Now let there be no delay. Ask Mr. Sendder to come in here. Ask him to come intendiately."

There was something the irritability in Moore's.

followed han, eatching a shawl from a hook as she did so.

"If you get flustered, Rebecca," said Mr. Scadder, sternly, "I d know what I shall do.

The two went to the han forether. They both considered it fortunate that Nely was out of the way; she lead, in fact, gone to see Salome,

"Shall you go for the Baptis' or the Orthodox?" inquired Mrs. Sendder, innoring the fact that the Baptist might also be orthodox.

"Orthodox," was the brief answer.

Mr. Sendder had slipped the halter from the horse, and was holding its bead under his arm with the briefle in his other hand.

"It's further," remarked Mrs. Sendder,

"Not much. N' Mr. Pope needs the fee, I recken. I wonder what Mis Hill will say."

Mr. Sendder shuckled.

His wife drew her shawl tighter round her

Mr. Scadder chuckled.

His wife drew her shawl tighter round her head. She was asking herself what Slome Gerry would say, but something kept her from putting that thought into words. She was conscious of great strain on her mind to keep pace with It always seems a had sign for a girl to be

"It always seems a bad sign for a girl to be married thout no wedding dress," she remarked.

Mr. Sendder paused in the act of backing the horse into the shafts.

"Wedding dress!" he cried in seom. "Women are queer things. Now, I'm thinkin' of the young fellow. He don't seem quite right to me, somehow. But then I didn't use to know him, so mebby he does seem right, after all. Back-sh-sh! I say," to the horse, which cautiously planed him.

how. But then I didn't use to know him, so melby he does seem right, after all. Back-sh-sh! I say," to the horse, which cautiously placed him-self in the shafts and shood motionless while the harness was hitched to him.
"I do hope Mr. Pope won't think strange,"
said Mrs. Sendler, tremulously.
"I don't care a darn whether he thinks strange."

or not," was the masculine rejoinder, "Now I'm goin'. You may tell the young feller that I've gone. I ought to be back in an hour, I

corner of the road and was at last out of

and, curiously, she thought, he was still housing his hand over his eyes.

Mr. Scudder was not afflicted with too much uncasiness. He was reting, and he had been hurried all day. He leaned forward on his kness and allowed Molly to walk as she would. He was old enough to know that there was always plenty of time to marry. He considered that the whole affair was getting to be tedinals. He didn't know how the women folks kept up such an interest in it.

The harrow road twisted among bushes and

The narrow road twisted among bushes and young trees. The bushes grew to the wheel futs, almost. It was nearly dark. The nix was sweet, excessively sweet. The man should it with a dim kind of pleasure. The crickets were very loud in their calls to hight.

There was somebody in advance. It was a

girl. It walked like Salome Gerry. She had turned into the road from a path ahead, and was going forward at a quick gait.

In a few moments Mr. Scadder, who had hastened Molly a little, overtook het.

"Hullo, Slome!" he said, cheerfully, "goin' my way? Better git in, badn't ye?"

Salome turned and said:

"Good evening, Mr. Scudder."

He saw that her hands were full of the white spikes of the clethra. The flower looked ghostly white in this semi-darkness, and the warm, damp air brought out its odor almost overpoweringly.

Better git right in," repeated the man. He was still resting comfortably on his knees. There was time enough.

was still resting comfortably on his knees.
There was time enough.
"Thank you," said the girl. "I'm not going
far: I was only out for a walk."
"All right. Bet you can't guess where I'm
bannd," Mr. Scudder laughed. "You may guess
all night and you couldn't do it."
"Then I won't try."
Salome leaned arguing the wheel. The perfume

Salome leaned against the wheel. The perfume of the flowers she carried seemed to fill the air.

"There's a little too much of that smell for me," remarked Mr. Sendder critically. But I

an't stand laylocks even, when Nely has 'um ound. So you ain't goin' to guess?"
"How can 12"

round. So you ain't goin' to guess?"

"How can 12"

"Well, you needn't try. But we are havin' things happen over to our house now, I tell you. We c'r hardly keep track of 'em all. What do you say to a weldin' jest for variety?"

Salome stood up and away from the wheel.

"A weddin' jest for variety?"

Salome stood up and away from the wheel.

"A weddin' jest for variety?"

"Exactly. I'm bound for Mr. Pope's now. When do you s'pose Mis' Hill 'll git wind of it? Don't you go 'n' tell."

"Oh. I won't tell. You may trust me," answered Salome.

"I d' know what my wife 'n' Nely 'll do if things keep up at this rate," remarked Mr. Sendder. "I guess I'll be goin'. So you won't let me give you a lift? Be a joke if both ministers were gone, wouldn't it? I'd keep right on to the Far Corrers in that case. Got to git a minister somehow."

git a minister somehow."

Molly, urged by lines and voice, now continued her walk, while Molly's master said to himself: "Slome's all right. Guess there wa'n't nothin' in that notion 'bout her 'n' Moore."

Salome, after Mr. Seudder had driven out of sight, sat down for a few moments by the road-side. She fell to arranging carefully the flowers

she carried. She seemed greatly absorbed in her occupation. But in a very short time she rose, sood an instant, as if not knowing which way to go, then walked forward in the direction from which Mr. Scuider had come. She walked so fast that it was but a brief space of time before she entered the Scudder house. The lamps were lighted, but there was no lamp in Mr. Moore's sitting-room. The nurse was strolling in the yard. Salome did not speak to any one. She nodded at Mrs. Sendder, who was adjust of a collar to her best black dress before the looking-label the horse beautiful to the property.

glass that hung over the sink.

The girl saw that there was a familiar figure in dusk of the sitting-room. Moore leaned forward from the depths of a

That is not the nurse?" he said, sharply. "No," was the nurse; he said, sharply.

"No," was the answer.

Moore rose and extended his hands, but he sat down again quickly, and put a hand for an instant up to his head.

"I wish you would come close to me," he said.

"Why do you stand off there? I knew when I heard your step in the yard that it was you."

Salome advanced and out her hand in his exadvanced and put her hand in his ex-

After a momentary silence, Moore spoke, in comething of the tone of an invalid who must not "How cruel you are, Salome! You have not sen here once since I've been shut up here, erhaps you didn't know I was here?" hopefully, "Yea, I knew."

"Yes, I knew."
Salome d'd not think it worth while to explain that she had been there at the very first.

"You knew? Oh, Salome."
Moore grasped the girl's hand in both his and bent its for-shead to her fingers. Her other hand, full of the clethra flowers, hung by her side. The room was filled with the strong odor.

"I don't why it is," said Moore without raising his head, "but sometimes I don't feel as if I thought quite clearly. I suppose that will pass away."

Yes," said Salome, "that will pase; and you will be well again."
"Kneel down by me," presently said the young man.

She knelt down as ne had said, and he put his head on her shoulder.

It was Moore who broke the silence that fol-

lowed.

"Why should we ever part again?" he asked.

There was no answer to this.

"You sent for me," said Moore, "and I came.
Something seems to have happened since; and I think something happened before. But it is no matter, not the slightest. We are together now; and we will stay together." of we will stay together" Moore felt the girl's form vibrate beneath his

ofar.

head. "I don't seem to core really about anything else," he continued; "only that we shall be together." gently. "Now adder to come about Moore's neck."

" You will pardon me, sir," said Hungry Walker

to the man with the dress suit and the white waist. "Co away! I don't want to buy any court plaster, "Sir, you are rash and impetuous. A square inch of this gelatinized slik which I daily vend here might

mye your life." "Clet out, you pink whiskered fraud!" "But, sir, pray consider. You have plenty—."
"If you don't let me alone, I'll call a polloe-

Nay, sir; you not only have an abandance of this world's goods, but you are a millionaire ---."

" Well, go on." "Anybody can wear a dress suit. They are expensive, it is true, but they last for years. The man who wears a white waisteent in the evening must have a brand new dress suit. Nobedy wears a rusty dress suit with a white waisteent. You have a white waisteent therefore your dress suit is not rusty, and as you must have bought it only a short time ago, you have

money.

"A man who wears a new dress sait must stand in with his tailor, and the man who has a white whist-coat must have a number one rating with his washer-women. Sir, you are at peace with your tailor and washerwomen. You have been strangely blessed by fortune, and you can well afford to spend 5 cents for this diminutive packet.

"Thank you, friend Croesus. I'll drink to your health with the proceeds."

REGINNING THE PROGRAMME.

From The Boston Transcript, They were just before me at the ticket office. The tend of the family, tall, gaunt and attired in a re-flow linen duster, was transacting the necessary unsincess and the four women hung over his shoul-

ders and looked on.

"Two-fifty," said the old man, moving on with
the tickets clutched firmly in his hand. "I tell
you, gals, you'll have to do a power of sight-seein,"
to make it pay. No settin round an' twirlin' your
thumbs this trip.

"The "gals," thin-faced, eager-eyed women, dressed
in their pathetic "best"—acquiesced with due solemnity.

I harried to get my ticket and followed them in

I hurried to get my licket and followed the through the clicking turnstile.

They stopped with one accord just inside the gate and their chins went up in the air as the great white buildings burst upon them. They gazed in silence for some minutes, slowly absorbing the magnitude of the nearest buildings and the glimpse beyond of the blue lagoon.

The old man spoke first. "Well, come on," he remarked, edging off to the left. "We'll have to begin systematic now, and take everything in order." As you know, at each entrance to the grounds there are two turnstiles—one for the incomers and the other conspicuously marked "Exit" for the outcovers.

WOMEN REGISTERING IN HARTFORD.

THE STATE FAIR'S SMALL ATTRACTIVENESS-

THE REVENUE COLLECTORSHIP. Hartford, Sept. 23 (Special).—The registration of women for voting in the school elections, which take place at the same time as the town elections, had not been very large throughout the State until this week, when there seems to have been a general movement in this direction. The vote of the women in this city alone will far exceed that of the new voters made by the Board of Selectmen, so the registrars think, and if this is so the registration

will not fall far short of 800.

It is confidently expected by the friends of Professor Flavel S. Luther, of Trinity College, that he will be appointed principal of the Hartford High School, to succeed Principal Joseph Hall, whose resignation is in the hands of the committee, after a service of nineteen years, Professor E. Harlow Russell, of the Worcester State Normal Scho has also been mentioned as a possible candidate for the position.

The October elections are only a little more than

a week away, and there is as yet little interest in them. Since the minority representation idea has obtained, the partisan political character of the resuits has been scarcely indicative of the trend of the State. There is positively no officer to be chosen outside of the local officers, and these are largely controlled by joint tickets, citizens' movements, and the like.

controlled by joint tickets, citizens' movements, and the like.

The State Fair which has been held in Meriden the past week has been a financial success, thanks to good weather rather than to any great attraction the fair itself held out. The show of thoroughbored horses and cattle was lamentably small, and the legitimate exhibits of the products of the farm is more than equalled by any one of the dozen smaller fairs of the State.

The rumors continue to come from Washington as well as from well-informed Democratic circles in this State that Chairman Clinton B. Davis will be the next internal resenue collector. He has said that he would not accept the office; but it is now believed that he has thought it quite worth his while. The salary is \$3,500.

RHODE ISLAND'S BIG STATE FAIR.

A GREAT SUCCESS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS-MR. VAN ALEN'S APPOINTMENT.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 23 (Special).-The annual tate Fair is to Rhode Island a matter of almost as great interest as the World's Fair, as the great crowds at Narragansett Park this week attested. In almost every department the fair was an improvement over those in former years. The State Fair Association have succeeded in popularizing horse-racing with the adventitious aid of the pool-box and the betting ring. It costs 50 cents to enter the grounds, 25 cents to pass into the quarterstretch, and 25 cents more to go upon the grandstand. Nevertheless, the quarter-stretch and grandstand were crowded on every day of the fair. The management held the people between the heats by a vaudeville and circus performance on an open stage in front of the grandstand. It is said that so many trotting and pacing horses were never brought together upon one track as were at Nar-ragansett Park this week. As the horses were driven to win, there being no pool selling, the races were won generally in three or four heats, notwithstanding the large fields. The attendance for the week exceeded 100,000 people. The merchants' display proved to be an attractive feature, and the tradesmen who had booths enjoyed a large trade.

trade.

Providence will be in the game again next year with a basebail club. The following named players have been reserved: Cooney, Pettit, Lyons, Rogers, McKeough, Sullivan, Friel, Bassett, Heine ers. McKeough. Sullivan, Friel, Bassett, Heine and Rudderham.
The Van Alen appointment is being spoken of in outside newspapers as being made at the suggestion of the united Democracy of Rhode Island. While it was doubtless asked for by the leaders who know that money is required to run campaigns, it was by no means the desire of the rank and file.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CAMPAIGN.

PROMINENT CANDIDATES ON THE REPUBLICAN SIDE-ASA P. POTTER'S ACQUITTAL

Boston, Sept. 23 (Special).-The State campaign has been opened earnestly by both parties. Cau- 12.4x17.6 Terra cotta cuses and other preliminary work are well advanced. Both conventions will be held in Boston-the Democratic next Wednesday, September 27, and the Republican on Saturday, October 7.

It has long been known that ex-Congressman John E. Russell will be the Democratic nominee, while for the honor of being the Republican standardbearer there have been four prominently mentioned candidates - Lieutenant-Governor Wolcott, ex-Mayor Hart, Attorney-General Philsbury and ex-Congressman Greenhalge. As the date of the convention has more nearly approached, the chances of two of these gentlemen-Hart and Wolcott-have gradually become poorer. Pilisbury was strong in August, but his boom was started too early to succeed, white Greenhalge, to use a familiar expression, has "laid low." and is likely to receive the nomination.

Mr. Wolcott has never been an aggressive candi-date. He is not over fond of modern political let there be no delay. Ask Mr Send-let to come introducted about More's neck.

There was something like irritability in Moore's manner.

Portia left the room. She was pale, and her this weep no such promises. To keep promises. In this line of scarlet.

Nely informed Miss Numbly that her father had one to the mill, and thist he would not probably be back before supper time. Was there any ably be back before supper time. Was there any about Moore, with some saddenness. "I sent him; hot—why," with greater force, "I' not going ably be back before supper time. Was there any about Moore, with some saddenness. "I sent him; hot—why," with greater force, "I' not going to the mill, and thist he would not probably be back before supper time. Was there any about Moore's neck.

Mr. Wolcott has never been an aggressive candinate. He is not over fond of modern political date. He is not over fond of methods. He is an able, dignified gentleman, and would add lustre to the office of Governor, as he has to the place of Lleutenant-Governor for the last would add lustre to the office of Governor, with some saddenness. "I sent him; hot—why," with greater force, "I' not going to the unit of the place of Lleutenant-Governor for the last would add lustre to the office of Governor, as he has to the place of Lleutenant-Governor for the last would add lustre to the office of Governor, as he has to the place of Lleutenant-Governor for the last would add lustre to the other would have been pleased to accept; but ally be been to the mills and the place of Lleutenant-Governor for the last would add lustre to the other would have been pleased to accept; but all probably he remove them and show the should date. He is not over fond of methods. He is an able, dignified date. He is not over fond of the methods. He is not over fond of t

More, with some suddenness, ""I sent him; Nely informed Miss Numally that her father had gone to the mill, and that he would not probably be back before support time. Was there any thing particular wanted? Did they want Dr. Sands? Was Mr. Moore worse.

Ent Portin turned away with a shake of the head. She was in moon mood to talk to Nely, who was now opening the pols of her shell beaus. When Mr. Scadder did return he was sent in mediately in to see the roung man. Mrs. See sait she guessed she could see what Mr. Moore wanted she guessed she could see what Mr. Moore wanted for the five mill, and that she could not distinct the porting to wait an instant; "jest fell her in one ward." Mr. Sendder part his heads in his pockets and grimed as he looked at his wife.

"One would it is thun, he answered "Minister."

"Mr. Sendder showed some size of becoming flowered; but she made a great edoct toward self-centred.

"The man walked to the door.

"I'm sain to five minister where, her hashout grimed as he looked at his wife.

"One would it is thun, he answered "Minister."

"The gain to british and the she was and round a hook as site did see.

"If won the walk of the commander of the control.

The man walked to the door.

"I'm sain to five minister the word of the sain together. They both the word it is from the latter from the Baptist might also be orthodox.

"When sendder had slipped the halter from the Baptist might also be orthodox." "You will parlon me, str., "You will parlon me, str.," Self be sain to be rightly and down the word of the sain together. They both the word of the

New-Bedford, Sept. 23 (Special) .- At the Repubcommittees were appointed to devise some system to the end that all others may be excluded from taking part in such caucuses, and the City Com-mittee were instructed to use their best endeavors to put such enrolment into operation.

e story that investors in this city are interested in the Lombard Investment Company to the extent of several millions is untrue. At one time \$1,000,000 of these securities were held here, but the amount is much smaller now. New-Bedford people are interested in first mortgages on farms and eity properties, and hold the notes and mortgages on the same, and not the notes of the com-

ROUGH RATS

Cockroaches.

FOR COCKROACHES, ANTS, BEETLES, WATER BUGS, the most effective and permanent remedy is
for two or three nights to sprinkle KOU OH ON RATS
for two or three nights to sprinkle KOU OH ON RATS
dry powder namixed, on, in, shout and down the sink
and that piper scatter it well but thinly all over the
angle of the state of the morning wash it all away
down night thing in the morning wash it all away
down night have to one sarry to colar will disappear. When he had to be the state of three nights,
when all the insects from sarry to colar will disappear. When he had the state of the state of the state
the day, they must go to the sibks for water during
the day, they must go to the sibks for water during
the alght. They can't stand ROUM ON KATS in
their water. Another way, specially good for Ants,
leetles, or, another way, specially good for on sheets of
paper placed high out of reach of children.

Diffusitions of the Bugs and Files on the
packages.

ANTS, REETLES WATERBUGS, BED BUGS, INSECTS, FLIES, RATS, MICE, &c. 15c.

WELLS' HAIR BALSAM For GRAY HAIR.

JAPANESE, CHINESE, TURKISH **O** AND INDIA GOODS, 877, 879 BROADWAY.

Will Sell This Week

193 ORIENTAL

CARPETS AND RUGS

REDUCTION OF

FROM ORIGINAL PRICKS, WHICH ARE LEFT ON THE TAGE

OUR BEST

Size.

9.8x14.10 Gold

BAHNDURR CARPETS

25 PER CENT.

Border. Price. Price. Centre. Terra cotta 805 67 5 8.5x14 Cream Blue 110 8210 8.9x15.7 Red Red 120 10.1x13 Cream Terra cotta 100 7500 9.9x11.10 Blue Terra cotta.... 115 8028 9.11x14.2 Cream Cream 100 76 00 9.2x12.11 Cream Terra cotta 110 82 50 9.11x13.5 Gold Red 115 86 28 9.8x14.6 Blue Red 100 75 00 9.11x12.9 Rius 9.7x18.2 Blue Red 140 105 00 Gold 125 98 78 9x15.4 Blue

Red 115 86.98

SPECIAL WEAVE USHAK CARPETS:

10x18.5 Red Blue 6210 \$157 50 10x12.7 Cream Blue 145 108 76 10x14.3 Cream and red tamel 150 11250 10.9x14.9 Cream and red Red 160 12000 Red 140 10500 10.2x13.9 Blue 11.9x12.7 Camel Camel 150 112 50 11.3x15.9 Terra cotta Hlue 200 150 00 Pink 120 9000 8.10x11.10 Cream 8.7x11.6 Camel Pink 100 75 00 Red 100 75 00 6.10x11.11 Blue Red 200 1500 11.9x17.4 Cream Blue 250 1810 Camel 120 8.10x11.9 Camel

INDIA CANDAHAR CARPETS.

9.10x12.5 Plain cream 10x15.9 Plain terra cotta Olive 460 345 00 12.2x18.3 Camel Blue 665 498 78 10x11.2 Terra cotta Terra cotta 280 210 00 Blue 555 416 25 9.11x18.7 Plain cream Blue 450 337 50 11.11x12.8 Plain cream Blue 415 311 35 9.11x14.11 Gold 10v18.7 Cream Terra cotta.... 560 42000 Camel 315 236 25 9x11.7 Plain camel Gold 345 258 75 9x12.9 Blue Blue 460 345 00 12x15.4 Camel Blue 325 243 75

PERSIAN ISPAHAN CARPETS.

8.11x12 Olive

Terra cotta... \$700 \$525 00 Blue1,000 750 00 9.7x17.1 Camel FEREHAN CARPETS. Red 110 82 50 10x14.5 Blue KHIVA CARPETS. Red 36 27 00 5.8x7.2 Red Red...... 40 3000 6.3x8.3 Red Red 35 26.25 6.8x7.9 Red Red 35 2625 6.2x7.7 Red Red 35 28 5 6.6x8.2 Red

FINE HALL RUGS.

SHIRAZ 3.9x8.9 Cream 35 2023 4x9.10 ANTIQUE PERSIAN. Cream 30 2260 3.2x12.5 Dark blue ANTIQUE SHIRAZ. Cream 35 26 25 3.2x9.7 Dark blue ANTIQUE SHIRVAN. Cream 55 41 35 4.1x9.9 Dark blue ANTIQUE PERSIAN. Cream 55 4125 3.8x10.2 Red ANTIQUE SHIRAZ. Cream 35 26 25 3-4x11.1 Red ANTIQUE CAMEL HAIR. Camel 35 25 26 3.5×11.2 Camel ANTIQUE DAGHESTAN. Cream 30 22 50 3.6x9.6 Red ANTIQUE SHIRAZ. Cream 40 80 00 3.9x12.10 Dark blue ANTIQUE SHIRVAN. Cream 40 80 60

ANTIQUE RUCS.

3.3x10.9 Blue

Blue \$15 633 78 5.1x6.8 Red Cream 35 245 4.7x7 Blue 24 3.9x9.3 Red SHIRVAN. 3.3x5.6 Brown Red 22 4x4.6 Cream Cream 20 3.3x1.9 Blue 3.11x5.9 Blue PERSIAN. 3.10x10.7 Blue BOKARA. Red 30 230 3.7x5.10 Red

RARE OLD YOUROOK AND SAMARKAND.

4.1x0.6 Dark blue SAMARKAND. 3.3x7.1 Terra cotta 4.3x7.10 Blue 3.10x7.8 Gold SHIRVAN. 4.4x5.8 Olive

CHICHIS.

Dark blue \$100 678 60 Gold 50 87 50

Gold 50 # 50

Olive 75